Yorke Sirra, go will the Earle of Salsbury and Warwicke, to sup with me to night. *exit Yorke.*

One I will my lord. *exit.*

Enter the King and Queene with her hawke on her fist, and Duke Humphrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if they came from hawking.

Queene My lord, how did your grace like this last flight?
But as I cast her off the wind did rise,
And twas ten to one old Ione had not gone out.

King How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these seely creatures of his hands!
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your hawke did soare,
And on a sodain sowst the partridge downe.

Suff. No maruel, if it please your maiestie,
My lord Protectors hawke doe towre so well,
He knowes his master loues to be aloft.

Hum. Faith my Lord it is but a base mind,
That can soare no higher then a Faulcons pitch.

Card. I thought your grace would be aboue the clowdes.

Hum. Yea my lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on a crowne, prowd Protector, dangerous Peere, to smooth it thus with King and common-wealth.

Hum. How now my lord, why this is more then needes, church-men so hote! good vnckle can you dote?

Suff. Why not? hauing so good a quarrel, and so bad a cause.

Hum. As how, my lord?

Suff. As you, my lord, and it like your Lordly
lords Protectorship.

Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

Queen And thy ambition Gloster.

King. Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious Lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car

1 earles— 14— hawke done foure
18 I, my lord—